15c per copy
$1.50 " year

MAY, 1945

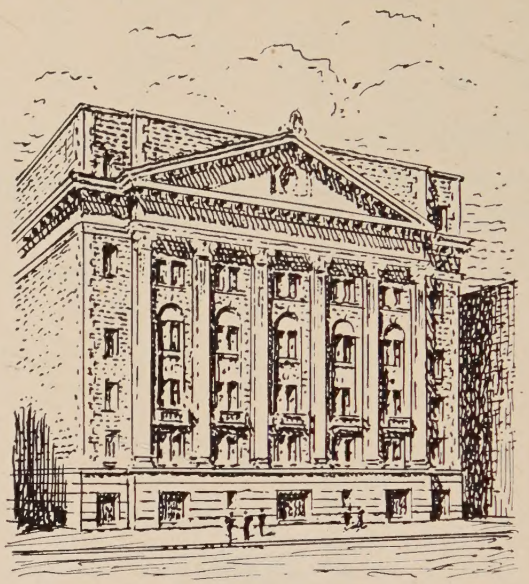
The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

"Sail On!"

By JOAQUIN MILLER

BEHIND him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!' "



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXII **May, 1945** *Number 2*

The President's Prayer

"Almighty God, of whose righteous will all things are and were created, thou hast gathered our people out of many lands and races into a great nation.

"We commend to thy overruling providence the men and women of our forces, by sea, by land and in the air;

"Beseeching thee to take into thine own hands both them and the cause they serve.

"Be thou their strength when they are set in the midst of so many and great dangers. And grant that whether by life or by death, they may win for the whole world the fruits of their sacrifice and a just peace.

"Guide, we beseech thee, the nations of the world, into the way of justice and truth, and establish among them that peace which is the reward of righteousness.

"Make the whole people of this land equal to our high trust, reverent in the use of freedom, just in the exercise of power, generous in the protection of weakness.

"Enable us to guard for the least among us the freedom we covet for ourselves; make us ill content with the inequalities of opportunity which still prevail among us. Preserve our nation against all the divisions of race and class which threaten it.

"And now may the blessing of God Almighty rest upon this whole land; may He give us light to guide us, courage to support us, charity to unite us, now and forevermore.

"Amen."

(This election eve prayer was voiced by President Roosevelt at the close of a speech in which he called upon his fellow Americans to "face the future as a united and militant people—united here at home as well as on the battle fronts." Identifying it only as "a prayer sent to me not long ago," he termed it a fitting request for Divine guidance "on this thoughtful eve."—Dr. Bradley used the prayer in his service, preceding the silent prayer by all the congregation present and listening, and the Lord's prayer.)

"A TRIBUTE TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

April 15, 1945

AT LAST the war has come home to us all. Up until Thursday afternoon there were many firesides and homes in the United States of America that had never experienced any tragic reactions from this war. Now, it is different; it has come home to every home: there is a vacant chair at every American table. All of us now, in this hour of solemnity, know the pangs and the agony of losing a friend, just as much a war casualty as though he had been shot in the line of duty.

Less than two hours ago all that is mortal of Franklin Roosevelt was lowered by loving hands, who had served him long and well on the Hyde Park Estate, into a deep grave, consigning his body to the eternal dust in the soil of his ancestors, soil that belonged to the Roosevelts before there was a nation that their most distinguished representative should preside over as its Chief Executive. As those who were workers on the estate dug that grave yesterday they mingled their tears with every grain of earth and today, but a little while ago, the soil of twenty-one democratic nations in the western hemisphere south of the Rio Grande was sprinkled with the good earth of America that covered his casket—the soil of liberty-loving peoples, twenty-one nations, blended with American earth to cover his body. The "Good Neighbor" was covered with the earth of those he had tried to help.

It was a touch of an unutterable experience that when he was taken into the White House yesterday morning and they carried him into the historic "East Room," standing there in the corner was a wheelchair that had not been removed. No longer needed, but a silent, eloquent tribute to the overcoming that a great heart had to master.

Do you recall the opening sentence which Mr. Roosevelt gave to the United States Congress on his last appearance before them and before the nation—the report from the Yalta Conference? You will recall he was wheeled into the conference in the House of Representatives' Chamber, and do you remember that first sentence? I do not think that I have missed a public utterance of Mr. Roosevelt's since he was elected President of the United States. With some of his statements I did not agree, with some of the things he did I did not agree, but I have never missed hearing him. Seated before him were the members of the Senate, the members of the House, the Judiciary, the Cabinet, all the officialdom of our government, and he said quite simply: "I hope you will pardon me if I make this report seated. When I stand I have to hold up ten pounds of steel, and it will be easier for me if I can speak to you seated at this table." There was silence for a moment, a world was listening to that report, the representatives of Shinto paganism and the Nazi beasts were listening, just as they have been gleeful and glad since Thursday afternoon, just as the unspeakable Goebbels in his grasp at a straw, said—and I quote officially, "Nothing could have happened better for us than the death of this ignoble man. It," he said

"would seem that this man, who is responsible for it all, should not live to see the end. Never," said he, "did I believe in divine justice more." That from Goebbels. And, tragically, there are Americans whom I have heard in the last twenty-four hours repeat almost the same words.

And then President Roosevelt said: "It is so good to be home. I have been on a long journey; I hope you will find it a fruitful one." "It is so good to be home." You and I have been listening since Thursday at five o'clock to volumes and volumes and volumes of tributes, millions of words, words, words; never in the whole history of the world has there been anything quite like it, but I think that a somewhat rough-speaking and slightly uncouth taxi driver who carried me between radio engagements yesterday, expressed a feeling common to us all. When I stepped into his cab, I said, "Well, the President is having his service about this time." He turned around to me and said, "You know, that guy was just tired out. I loved him; he was the best friend I ever knew." Homely phrase, slang phrase—"That guy was just tired out." Well, he need not have been tired out. There was no reason why Franklin Roosevelt should have done what he did with his life; he could have done something else with it. He was rich and the son of a rich man whose father was the son of a rich man. He never knew one single hour of worry about financial difficulties; Franklin Roosevelt never worried one moment about where he was going to get food; he never worried one minute about what clothes he could buy. He sat in the lap of a President of the United States when he was only three years old, the lap of Grover Cleveland, and as that President turned to him he said, "My boy, don't you ever become President of the United States."

Franklin Roosevelt spent many summers as a young man touring on a bicycle with his rich friends through England, and Scotland, and Ireland, and the continent of Europe. He spoke well both German and French. As a mere boy he moved, socially, in the ironclad boundaries of the most severe social class of America. He was a student at Groton, a private school for boys practically unavailable to any except a rich man's son; a graduate of Harvard, and there winning, by his own merits, the highest intellectual distinction in the academic world, he was given the Phi Beta Kappa Key, later graduating in law from Columbia University; but all the way and all the time, tall, physically handsome, in his youth one of the most buoyant, attractive personalities. He had all the social graces, all of the culture, all of the charm unsurpassed; he did not have to do what he did. Franklin Roosevelt could have remained a playboy and could have wined and dined and traveled his way through life without a worry, but he did not; he chose another way; and that's why the common people love him. That is why the common people dug his grave and patted every bit of earth a little while ago and made the top of his grave muddy with their tears; and that is also the reason why the rich hated him. Franklin Roosevelt was a traitor to his class because he loved people who by fate were not as fortunate as himself, and that is why the whole heart of America is bathed in tears this day. He is idolized by the hungry and the poor and the oppressed and those who were not getting a "square deal" with life, and the weak and stricken and the unfortunates. You may call that the creation of class distinction if you choose, but I warn you it will be the people who will construct a permanent citadel of a decent economic, indus-

trial, peaceful world as their tribute to him. You who hate that kind of idealism will be compelled, I am afraid, to readjust your thinking.

FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT DEAD MAY BE STRONGER THAN ROOSEVELT ALIVE! Something has happened since his death, a new environment has come; there is a new mood upon the people; there is a new spirit abroad in the land and in the world, even though his passing made glad the heart of Naziism and gave a flicker of hope to the fluttering last rays of the setting sun of Japan; for already the resistance is being felt by the armies of the allied nations; already the psychological reactions have been felt in the hearts of the enemies and we are meeting in these hours, while I speak to you, the fiercest resistance we have met since we crossed the Rhine! This man's death has given new spirit to our enemies and they feel now that perhaps something can happen, some miracle. They felt that they had the plan so carefully laid and their American propagandists had worked so successfully to break up an allied unity at San Francisco and create suspicion and hatred among all the peoples of the world, that something might happen; for Hitler, frothing at the mouth, like the craven beast he is, said, "Wait! We may be defeated in the fields of battle, but we will create among your allies such dissension and such antagonism and suspicion that they will break asunder between themselves, and then Der Tag will come for Germany in fifty years more." That's what this man's death has done for them, for our enemies. But they don't know, do they, that a great man's principles never die with the man? Hitler and Hirohito remain still moral and historical illiterates; they don't know that no man is indispensable. Franklin Roosevelt was not an indispensable man, but Franklin Roosevelt stood for *indispensable principles* and the indispensable principles are now being revived and impregnated with a new spirit and a new force until many of the anticipated battles at San Francisco were already won when a noble heart was drowned under its own blood Thursday afternoon—but that they did not know, for they had been able to manipulate the background of the San Francisco conference into a subordinate assembly below the stature of officialdom of the foreign minister personality. Now we know that Anthony Eden will be at San Francisco, and Molotov of Russia. Now we know that with the death of this man and the howling cries of delight of his scoffers and haters, that the whole has been raised to a new level. Do you see what I mean when I say, Franklin Roosevelt dead may be stronger than Franklin Roosevelt alive?

And so, he is home and gone, but he lives, because you cannot kill dreams and hopes, because he spoke eternal things, because the "Four Freedoms" don't die. You who have scoffed at the dream of "Four Freedoms," they are eternal, they shall not die! You whose hearts have never been stirred by the death of three million people of Europe, cruelly tortured, you who have carried and repeated lies about Negroes, Jews, and the poor and tortured; you who have not seen from the mountain peak of idealism the possibilities of the world; you who have been afraid you cannot make it work—in this hour might we listen to his first utterance and his last?

Do you recall that March evening in 1933? I do. Every bank in America was closed, fourteen million men and women, through no fault of their own, were walking the streets of America without jobs. We were on the threshold of being wrecked. It was

eight o'clock in the evening, and the largest audience to which a human person had ever spoken, more than a hundred million people in America, were at their radios. From the same room in which his poor, shrunken, emaciated body was carried out yesterday, seated at his oval table in that room, he said: "My friends, we have nothing to fear except fear itself." A voice! We took a deep breath; we in America said, "Nothing to fear except fear itself." There is nothing to fear *now* for America except fear itself, nothing! We have a new President untried, unknown, but Franklin Roosevelt knew him, and that President deserves our support as the finest tribute which America can give him in the most difficult task that ever faced any man in this world. Up from a haberdasher's counter, poor in wealth, our President is no longer rich, he is a poor man; the common people's President faces the future; and hovering over will be the spirit of the man who was rich and who, though stricken, became neither embittered nor sour, but went out to the world and became the hope of millions, from the crippled, twisted little children, to the greatest power of the earth; they all loved him.

Let us pay him perfect tribute, not with tears, although each of us has a sense of deep, personal loss, but pay it by pledging allegiance to our country, to our flag, to the Four Freedoms of the earth, that all the hungry and the tortured, the despised of the earth, might know that all we have, our dollars, our wealth, our power will be used to bring dignity and peace again to the world.

"The tumult and the shouting die,
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands the ancient sacrifice,
A humble and a contrite heart.
Lord, God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget! Lest we forget!"

(At the close of the sermon in tribute to President Roosevelt, Dr. Bradley read the following poem which was written by John Greenleaf Whittier to a friend, George L. Stearns. Dr. Bradley said it could well have been written at this moment and for this occasion.)

"He has done the work of a true man,—
Men who honor him loved him.
Weep over him tears of women,
Steep manliest praise above him!

Oh, dusky mothers and daughters,
Vigils of mourning keep for him;
Up in the mountains and down by the waters,
Lift up your faces and weep for him.

For the warmest of hearts is frozen,
The freest of minds is stilled;
And the gap in our picked and chosen
The long years may not fill.

No duty could overtask him,
No need his will outrun;
Or ever our lips could ask him,
His hands the work had done.

He forgot his own soul for others,
Himself to his neighbor lending;
He found the Lord in his suffering brothers,
And not in the clouds descending.

So the bed was sweet to die on,
Whence he saw the doors wide swung,
'Gainst whose bolted iron
The strength of his life was flung.

And he saw, e'er his eye was darkened
The sheath of the harvest-bringing,
And knew while his ear yet hearkened
The voice of the reapers' singing.

Ah, well! the world is discreet;
There are plenty to pause and wait;
But here was a man who set his feet
Sometimes in advance of fate;

Plucked off the old bark when the inner
Was slow to renew it
And put to the Lord's work the sinner
When saints failed to do it.

Never rode to the wrong's redressing
A braver paladin;
Shall he not hear the blessing,
"Good and faithful, enter in!"

The Svithiod Singing Club, Knute Hansen, Director

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

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May 6th–Dr. Bradley Returns from San Francisco

Two Services in The Peoples Church

11:00 a.m.—"Personal Impressions of the San Francisco Conference"

7:30 p.m.—"After San Francisco?"

✦ ✦ ✦

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This is the 22nd Annual Observance of National and Inter-American Music Week. The Theme will be "Use Music to Foster Unity for the War and the Peace to Follow"

(The Svithiod Singing Club is a non-profit organization and all the proceeds of the concert will be used for charitable work.)

The Liberalist

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EDITORIAL

WHAT should we do now? We are all still stunned by our grief and sorrow, but he would not have it so. Let us hear his brave, enduring and eternal words again: "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself; nameless, unreasoning, unjustified terror, which paralyzes needed efforts to convert retreat into advance." And this man who, himself, could not walk, taught us all who had perfect limbs, to stand straight on our feet and face the future without fear or trembling.

And now America faces the future! We have a new President. President Truman begins his administration under greater difficulty, with greater challenge, than any Vice-President in our nation's history who has ever succeeded to the Presidency. He must be given a chance.

Franklin Roosevelt was not an indispensable man, but Franklin Roosevelt was an exponent of indispensable principles. His enemies were many and bitter. No man, not excepting Lincoln, ever had more bitter enemies; and the reason for that is, the things for which he stood! A man's character is determined as much by the people who hate him as it is by the people who love him. The common people of America loved him. They voted for him, without reference to geographical or political boundaries, and they will remember him always; and the finest tribute, much better than eloquent phrases or tear splattered words, will be our determination that his vision of comity between the peoples of the earth shall be given an opportunity for realization.

It may be too early, and particularly because our eyes are misty with our tears, to see his full stature. Only history will bring the adequate appraisal of his life and work. The long perspective of the years will confirm what today we can only hope and conjecture; but there is one tribute his most bitter enemies and most persistent critics cannot help but recognize and that is,—his deep, fundamental and vibrant faith in the possibilities of mankind. He knew how strong the obstacles were. He understood the strength of the barriers. He fathomed the vacillations and weaknesses of human nature. He understood the amenities of racial and religious hatreds. He penetrated the selfish and personal motives

of men. He never for one moment underestimated the difficulties in the way. He knew what he had to face and never under-judged the strength of his opponents, but in spite of all this he knew something else. He knew that for all the centuries man has been dreaming of living together on this earth with his fellow men in comity and understanding and cooperation. He knew and took cognizance of the persistence of that dream, and he also knew that the dream would not live unless beyond the dream there was the reality which could be demonstrated. He believed in man; believed in his capacities, his hopes; believed that he had within him the possibilities of doing better tomorrow than man ever did yesterday. *That* has nothing to do with politics or organization, or the mechanics of things; that is a spiritual quality; and that same confidence has existed in the heart and mind of every valiant, noble leader the world has ever known. He knew that there could be no perfect plan without a flaw, that man could set up. He knew that no one could anticipate the changes of the years. He understood: and, knowing full well the scope of the difficulties, he also knew that past failures and present implications need not prevent the honest effort and the noble experiment.

Not only is there mourning in continental United States, but everywhere where there is an American, there are memories and tears, and all the millions of the earth, the starved and tortured, the enslaved and the suffering, the old and the weak, and the young and the poor, wherever men, women and little children have been hurt because of their creed or their faith or their color, they join with the heart of America, for they loved him.

Now America bravely, heroically, courageously must face tomorrow—a tomorrow which, as military victory draws nearer, will only make more acute the problems and difficulties between nations. From his tired hands he has flung the torch. Let us pick it up, hold it high, until the brightness and beauty of its gold shall banish all the darkness from the earth!

P. B.

BOOK CHATS

"THE Road to Serfdom," by F. A. Hayek, is published by the University of Chicago Press. It has had an interesting growth, having first been published in September, 1944, and in January it had already gone into its fourth printing. The book is one which cannot be neglected. Everyone interested in making an effort to plan for a world of tomorrow cannot ignore this book, not because they will agree with it, but because it is sufficiently stimulating and, as John Chamberlain says, "sober, logical and severe," that anyone talking of full employment, social security and freedom from want, and planning to achieve these things, must realize what obstacles stand in the way. The book is a fortification of the arguments for those who believe that when society and the good of the whole and the greatest good of the greatest number are made the objectives of a planned society, that no individual will then be able to plan his own existence.

Mr. Hayek, who is a well-known Austrian economist, says of his own book something which I think constitutes the best reason for people of every shade of political and social and economic thinking not to miss this book. He says: "When a professional student of social affairs writes a political book, his first duty is plainly to say so. This is a political book. I do not wish to disguise this by describing it, as I might perhaps have done, by the more elegant and ambitious name of an essay in social philosophy. But, whatever the name, the essential point remains that all I shall have to say is derived from certain ultimate values. I hope I have adequately discharged in the book itself a second and no less important duty: to make it clear beyond doubt what these ultimate values are on which the whole argument depends. . . . For those who, in the current fashion, seek interested motives in every profession of a political opinion, I may, perhaps, be allowed to add that I have every possible reason for *not* writing or publishing this book. It is certain to offend many people with whom I wish to live on friendly terms; it has forced me to put aside work for which I feel better qualified and to which I attach greater importance in the long run; and, above all, it is certain to prejudice the reception of the results of the more strictly academic work to which all my inclinations lead me. If, in spite of this (Mr. Hayek goes on) I have come to regard the writing of this book as a duty which I must not evade, this was mainly due to a peculiar and serious feature of the discussions of problems of future economic policy at the present time, of which the public is scarcely sufficiently aware. This is the fact that the majority of economists have now for some years been absorbed by the war machine, and silenced by their official positions, and that in consequence pub lic opinion on these problems is to ar alarming extent guided by amateur and cranks, by people who have ar axe to grind or a pet panacea to sell.' And thus the author himself state clearly his idea and purpose in writing the book.

The thesis of the book is set by a quotation from David Hume, which the author puts on the title page: "I is seldom that liberty of any kind i lost all at once." With this I am sure every student of the growth of liberty could not help but agree. And it is a study particularly of the last twenty five years of the growth of government the changing of economic conditions and all the other factors which, from the author's point of view, constitute "The Road to Serfdom." The book is challenging, interestingly written there is no academic verbiage, but a lay-reader who is unfamiliar with the accepted terms of economics and industrial relations and government, would find no difficulty whatever in comprehending the point of view. And it is one which must not be neglected. It is well to know all factors involved in every problem and to look at every difficulty from every angle. And this book presents an angle which has been quite neglected, and because it presents a somewhat opposite side of our present tendency, is the very reason why it should be known by people and by those who will have the responsibility through public opinion, of determining just what the economics for the world ahead shall be.

The author himself, in his conclusion, will give readers who are interested in books which deal with this problem the best statement I think in the book, when he says: "If we are to build a better world we must have the courage to make a new start. . . . The young" he says "are right if they have

little confidence in the ideas which rule most of their elders. But they are mistaken or misled when they believe that these are still the liberal ideas of the nineteenth century, which, in fact, the younger generation hardly knows. Though we neither can wish nor possess the power to go back to the reality of the nineteenth century, we have the opportunity to realize its ideals—and they were not mean. The guiding principle that a policy of freedom for the individual is the only true progressive policy remains as true today as it was in the nineteenth century." There are some things in the book with which I cannot agree, yet there are many things which state our problem and the solution with such clarity and brilliancy, that I do not think the position can be eliminated from any plan or any program for the future. I suggest that you read "The Road to Serfdom," and I am sure you will find it sufficiently stimulating that you will be able to weigh more intelligently the various arguments that are bound to grow in intensity and in number as the next few and critical weeks in the life of the world come upon us.

* * *

I am sure every reader has heard of Edward Bellamy and his famous book "Looking Backward," and probably many of you have read the book. The book to which I now call your attention was published in February by Columbia University Press—a book entitled "Edward Bellamy," by Arthur E. Morgan, a book which has long been overdue, for people have heard of Edward Bellamy and his book "Looking Backward," which was published in 1887 and which presented a one hundred and thirteen year plan for the reconstruction of society. Ever since, the book has been a best seller and everyone interested in the future has gone to this book for its interesting portrayal and prophecy.

The author of "Edward Bellamy," Arthur E. Morgan, is well known to the American people. As an engineer his position is enviable, and as former President of Antioch College, which is truly a great institution, he made a great impression on the technique of American education in colleges. Mr. Morgan, you will recall, was one of the men who was identified with the Tennessee Valley Authority. He put ten years of careful study and labor in studying the effects of Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward." The book reveals a tremendous amount of research and study of material which had never been published. Mr. Morgan says that Bellamy assumed the existence of television, broadcasting, air travel, air conditioning, automobiles, mechanical calculators, concrete highways, farm tractors and the controlled acceleration of plant growth; and no one interested in our modern problems of social economy and governmental character can help but be intensely interested in the coming of a new curiosity and interest in Edward Bellamy and his book. Edward Bellamy as a young man of only 21 was an editorial writer on the New York Evening Post when William Cullen Bryant was its editor. He never had very good health and perhaps this is the reason why he went back to New England after that year. For a long time after his return he wrote essays, editorials and book reviews for the Springfield Daily Union and then, with his brother Charles, he published the Springfield Daily News. Edward Bellamy is another example of the influence of a local community background as an aid to journalism. Edward Bellamy's unfinished essays, some of his planned novels and stories, as well as a mass of material which his notebooks and diaries contained constitute the materials which were avail-

able to Dr. Morgan.

Edward Bellamy's father recognized the necessity of his son's becoming familiar with great literature, and as a boy Edward Bellamy was introduced to Plutarch, which interest inspired his future study of human history and behavior. He travelled in Europe and later went to Hawaii, when the islands were called the Sandwich Islands. He was a great devotee of nature and Dr. Morgan brings out that he was not far behind Thoreau in his appreciation and study of nature. Bellamy wrote novels which attracted the attention of William Dean Howells. In 1935 Columbia University asked three men to make a list of the 25 books which had been published in the preceding fifty years which had been most influential on the thought and action of the world. These men were John Dewey, philosopher and one of the great educators of this country, Edward Weeks, editor of the Atlantic Monthly, and the well known historian Charles Beard. Each of these men made his own list of books and it is somewhat startling, but exceedingly significant that at the head of each of these lists was Carl Marx's "Das Capital" and the second on each list was Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward." And in the authoritative Wilson Library Bulletin, which includes a list of 20 books of the last 400 years which have changed and influenced the whole modern world, Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward" is also included. The idea of a perfect society has intrigued man through the centuries. Emerson one time wrote to Carlyle, in 1840, "Not a reading man but has a draft of a new community in his waistcoat pocket. This is just as true today as it was when Emerson wrote. There is hardly a person among us who does not have some kind of a blueprint for the future. The air is full of plans and theories and programs of "what ought to be done." Dr. Morgan in this book "Edward Bellamy," delved deeply into the sources which might have inspired Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward." Mr. Bellamy himself was very frugal in stating what these sources were and one of the influences that may have affected him was the type of book Jules Verne was writing, which Edward Bellamy reviewed enthusiastically, and which undoubtedly had an influence upon his own thinking. Dr. Morgan, in this very valuable life of Edward Bellamy discusses the effect of the book soon after publication, and says that Cyrus Field Winslow and William Dean Howells both took up with Bellamy the question of how his ideas could be promoted and his plan for the national control of industry could be put into operation, while men like Thomas Wentworth Higginson, the poet, and abolitionist, and General Arthur Devereaux, a hero of Gettysburg, formed the first Boston Bellamy Club.

Those who thought that "Looking Backward" was a book written by a crackpot or a fanatic, will be amazed at the type of people who gave it serious consideration. Bellamy was bold enough to predict that about the year 2,000 a universal language would be in existence, so one need learn only two languages,—his own and this world language; and I found something which was a complete surprise to me that the celebrated speech which William Jennings Bryan made here in Chicago at the Democratic Convention, which stampeded the Democratic Convention and nominated Bryan for the presidency of the United States which you recall concluded with the famous peroration of Bryan: "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns. You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross

of gold," was taken from Edward Bellamy's statement "I have seen humanity hanging on the cross." There is an excellent index and bibliography in the book, which lead to many paths, both backward and forward, and which alone might make one feel it to be a book well worth owning. This book, "Edward Bellamy," by Arthur E. Morgan, is a book that is unusually valuable at an hour when we are all looking forward, and how far we look may depend upon our remembering what is behind us.

* * *

One of the most interesting of writers, Charles Lamb, said that when a new book was published he always read an old one, but I would venture that if Charles Lamb had placed in his hands, the new book I am about to discuss, he would have read the new book before he ever looked at an old one for I am going to present to you a great autobiography;—one of the finest I have ever read and one which is a contribution to a better understanding of a very important and influential period in the life of our country.

From the day in 1892 that saw the beginning of Ray Stannard Baker's career as a journalist and where he begins this autobiography, until the death of Woodrow Wilson in 1924, every page is literally thrilling and of great interest. Do you remember an author who was read much more widely a few years ago than now, who wrote those interesting little rambles of friendship and solitude and nature, by the name of David Grayson? Perhaps if I recall some of the titles some of you may remember them. "Great Possessions," which was a series of adventures; and then "Adventures in Contentment" and "Adventures in Friendship," and "The Friendly Road?" Many of us did not know for a long time that Dr. Grayson was a nom de plume and that the author was Ray Stannard Baker. Mr. Baker tells in the 25th chapter of his book just published, called "American Chronicle," how he happened to write these exquisite rambles and observations that are so intimate and beautiful that the writer feels he is having a visit in front of a friendly fire with the writer. They are indescribably restful, and I would suggest as an antidote for much of the hectic and noisy world in which we are now living, that we read them again. It was in the early days of the American Magazine that Mr. Baker would go to New York once or twice a month and then return to his home in the country. It was at one of these early meetings in New York—Mr. Baker thinks it was in Ida Tarbell's book-lined study, with a comfortable little tea-table in front of the fireplace —that John Phillips, the editor of the new magazine urged each one of them to look into the literary cupboard, not only for new ideas, but for written or half-written articles or stories or novels. Ray Standard Baker took the suggestion to heart, because they wanted the new magazine to live up to all of the preliminary announcements concerning it.

It was at that time that he re-read the advice of the wise old essayist, William Cobbett, in his book "Rural Rides," a book by the way which I have in my library and could not live without, in which Mr. Cobbett says to one who is thinking of being a writer: "Sit down to write what you have thought and not to think what you shall write. Use the first words that occur to you and never attempt to alter a thought; for that which has come of itself into your mind is likely to pass into that of another more readily and with more effect than anything which you can, by reflection, invent. Thoughts come much

faster than we can put them on paper. They produce one another and this order of their coming is in almost every case the best possible order they can have on paper." Such was the advice of Cobbett. Ray Stannard Baker took it and that night sat down and wrote the first of his delightful essays and signed them with the name of David Grayson. He sent them off to New York, and in a letter which he wrote to John Phillips, the editor, said that he wanted to keep his real name as the author unknown, and wound up with the entreaty "Take care of my child." Such was the beginning of David Grayson. And even though he has been writing now for half a century and is now in his 75th year, he says in his autobiography "I am still looking forward to the great unwritten book."

Mr. Baker begins this story, which is a contribution to Americana, with the fascinating saga of Coxey's Army and its march from Ohio to Washington. He describes the famous Pullman Strike of 1894, the McKinley-Bryan campaign of 1896 and the return from Cuba in 1898 of a young Colonel—Theodore Roosevelt by name. All of this period was covered while he worked here in Chicago and after leaving for the next nine years he wrote for McClure's Magazine those vivid portraits of Joel Chandler Harris, Stephen Crane, Admiral Dewey, Thomas A. Edison, Marconi and many, many others. Those were the "muckraking" days, as Theodore Roosevelt called it, when Ida Tarbell, Lincoln Steffens and Mr. Baker were writing articles that aroused the nation.

The most interesting and revealing part of this book deals with the long association and close friendship with Woodrow Wilson, whom he first met in 1910; a friendship which increased until Wilson's death in 1924. It is interesting and exceptionally valuable in this moment of our country's history, to re-read these revealing pictures of the last Peace Conference. Clemenceau, Lloyd George and others walk through his pages with revealing tread. The post-Conference quarrels, the fight for and against the League of Nations, Woodrow Wilson's last days, and the Harding-Coolidge era which followed, all are here in this book.

The more we can learn of the pitfalls and the difficulties during this period of the nation's history, the more highly fortified we will be and the more intelligently we can act in the peace of tomorrow. That is why the book, appearing at this time, is of exceptional value. It has all the literary charm and the rippling, easy-flowing quality of Ray Stannard Baker's prose. And interwoven throughout the entire texture of the book is the kindly, tolerant and understanding, philosophical attitude of the author. It brings perspective to the reader of today, and getting a perspective on a situation or a problem is always vital to the proper solution of the problem. While I am not sympathetic to the idea of compulsory reading, I would not hesitate to make this book compulsory reading in every high school, college and university of the land. Here is an autobiography that is truly great—not only because of the things it tells, but because Mr. Baker, in "American Chronicle" does write about the things that have gone deepest into his life and that mean most to him. P. B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

IN THESE past few days, so darkly shadowed by the death of our President, when most of us felt it a personal sorrow with a deep sense of personal loss—my thoughts turned constantly to the one who suffers the keenest grief—that companion of the years who, he has said, "never failed him." Traveling to many foreign lands, (being, so to speak, feet for him who could not walk) meeting strange people in high places—royalty, governors, ministers, statesmen, in conferences, conventions, committees, gatherings of all kinds, representing her husband, entrusted with secret messages of state, important letters personally delivered—and truly an ambassador of friendship and good will, having to say and do the right thing at all times—and make no mistakes! Hers has been a gigantic task few women, if any, could have been equal to. Always kindly, gracious, understanding, Mrs. Roosevelt, even in these days of great grief and shock, has been only thoughtful of others—never of herself.

True to her sense of duty, knowing syndicated column writers must fill their contract—after four days of a blank column headed only with her name—"My Day" returns to the papers all over the country. She places herself among the countless women of the world whose beloveds have fallen —war casualties—not claiming hers to be the greatest loss—hers the most tragic grief. No, she says individual grief must be submerged in the enshrouding sorrow of the world!

It is a brave heart that can say that; a great character that can arise from so stunning a blow, not breaking under it or allowing it to falter her step while there is work to be done for others!

Immediately directing the tremendous task of what and where to take all their belongings, the accumulation of years—so that the White House may be made ready in shortest possible time for its new occupants—then, with the fortitude she has so magnificently manifested throughout this hardest experience that can come in her life, she will go home—to Hyde Park, which in spite of all its beauty will forever be empty for her—filled only with its manifold memories. And there in the quiet and peace of the garden rests the body of that great and noble man. The love and tribute not alone of the nation but of the world will hover there for all time!

My tribute to Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt I find difficult to put into words. Perhaps all I would like to say might be embraced in one sentence: Never has the White House held one more worthy the title "First Lady of the Land."

* * *

The Mail Bag offers some inspiring letters, this first one in particular, from a heroic soul "69 years young," she says, who refuses to be inactive even though both limbs have been amputated. Her letter follows:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: Your radio talks and Sunday services have been such an inspiration to me that I feel I must tell you of one in particular. I have been a shut-in for three years, and also what some folks would call a handicapped person, having both legs amputated above the knees. I don't just remember when you said it, but it was nearly two years ago. I was getting around a little on one artificial limb, and this particular evening I was feeling blue and I guess disgusted, when in your broadcast you said: 'Do not let that handicap defeat you!' and it just put new life in me; and after having had to sacrifice my other limb in April of this year, *in less than five weeks from the time of the operation I was up, doing all my work (except washing) from my wheel chair,* and am hoping to be walking *with two artificial limbs* some day. By the way, I am 69 years young. "I have canned 200 jars of fruit and jellies of all kinds.

"I hope now that so many of our dear boys will be coming home handicapped, that something you can say will bring new hope and courage to them. I didn't mean to take so much of your time, but I am so grateful for the encouragement, that I just had to let you know it. I am, sincerely yours, Mrs. L. P. Schaeffer."

* * *

A V-mail letter written from somewhere in Germany from Bob Baumann —one of our boys—assures Dr. Bradley that all his boys all over the world will miss Easter in The Peoples Church. This is a nice letter from Bob, and we sincerely appreciate it:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: I imagine that along about the time you receive this letter you will be in the midst of the Easter season and consequently very busy, but I want to send this short letter on its way to let you know that even though many of us are thousands of miles away, we all would like to be wit you at Easter time. It has been quit a few years since I have been able t spend the Easter season with th church, as I had done for many yea before, and we all hope sincerely tha it will not be many more until we a may be together again.

"I do want to send my best wishe to you and Mrs. Bradley for a happ and successful Easter season and als to all the rest of the various groups the church.

"Over here we do not get time or th opportunity to observe holidays as w would like to, but we all realize tha doing the job that has been given to u for the present time is our duty and know that all the members of th church the world over will be thinkin of you on Easter morning and will b with you in spirit, even though it impossible to be there in person. have been receiving the copies of th church magazine quite regularly, an it is always of great interest to read the activities of the organizations an it is also a great help in keeping co tact with other members of the churc who are in all parts of the world. know that all the others who recei the church magazine receive the sam enjoyment as I in reading the sermo and book lectures that we all miss much.

"This type of letter is extreme short and about all that you have tim to do is say 'hello' and 'goodbye' an that is just what I'm going to have do, right now. Again, I would like extend best wishes to all the chur and say that I sincerely hope that ne year this will all be over and we w be able to be with you again at East time. Sincerely, Bob."

* * *

Miss Geraldine Erickson writes note of gratitude for sermon a prayers for men in service: Dr. Br

ley is always glad when he hears he has helped or encouraged some suffering heart:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: On April 1st you preached a marvelous sermon and then remembered the boys on the frightful beachhead on the Rhine. My nephew (Captain E. L. Stone), a graduate of the University of Illinois, is in the Second Armored Division of the Ninth Army. He is 24 years of age. His father and mother, both now deceased, came in from Wilmette, Illinois, on Sundays to hear you preach, and when my nephew's wife (from Clinton, Illinois, just for the day) came to visit me, she and I were in the audience when you gave that marvelous sermon and prayed for the boys. We are, and always shall be grateful to you for that wonderful hour spent in your church. God bless you and yours forever and forever. Most sincerely, Geraldine Erickson."

* * *

One of "the boys" writes from Alaska, expressing appreciation of The Liberalist as follows:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: I sure am mighty thankful to receive your little magazine and I sure hope that you will continue to send it. If there can be a donation made to the church for this, I would like to know. I know that this magazine must cost the church something. Well, I'm as fine as I can be and I feel grand. Our weather here has warmed up some, but we still have an awful lot of snow, so I imagine it will be awful sloppy when some of this snow begins to melt. Some people think that Alaska is wonderful, but I will take Chicago any time. But it is like I tell my buddies, 'We all have a place we call home,' and that is the place we want to go as soon as possible. So no matter where we live or where we must go. 'There's no place like home.'

"Well, I must be closing this letter now. Many, many thanks for remembering me. Your friend, Charles Marshall."

* * *

Now we must close the Mail Bag. I can hardly realize that the next time I write it will be from our Island Home in the North Woods—and it will be Junetime! Until then—remember to write—

AND—KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church,
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

March 15th to April 15th, 1945

MARCH

15—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Food Products Club. Hotel Sherman.
Address. Lincoln P.T.A. Downers Grove, Ill.

16—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Friends of Library. Brookfield, Ill.
Conference with Mayor Kelley and Barnet Hodes.
Chicago Public Library Meet.
Address. Toman Library Forum.

18—Two services. People's Church.

19—Radio Address. WGN.
Cutting radio record.
Address. Men's Jewish Club, Hibbard School.

20—Radio Address. WGN.
Address: Muskegon Conservation Club, Muskegon, Mich.

21—Radio Address. WGN.
Book Lecture. People's Church.

22—Radio Address. WGN.
Radio Address. WGNB (FM).
Address. North Shore Congre., Glencoe, Ill.

23—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Portage Park Woman's Club, Portage Pk. Fld. House.
Address. Sinai Temple, Michigan City, Ind.

24—Address. Santay Corporation, Paradise Ballroom.

25—Palm Sunday sermon.
Evening church service.

26—Service. Erlanger Theatre.
Radio Address. WGN.
Service. Peoples Church.

27—Service. Erlanger Theatre.
Radio Address. WGN.
Service. Peoples Church.

28—Service. Erlanger Theatre.
Radio Address. WGN.
Service. Peoples Church.

29—Service. Erlanger Theatre.
Radio Address. WGN.
Radio Address. WGNB (FM).
Service. Peoples Church.

30—Service. Erlanger Theatre.
Address. First Congregational Church.
Radio Address. WGN.
Service. Peoples Church.

APRIL

1—Four Easter services in the Peoples Church.

2—Radio Address. WGN.

3—Radio Address. WGN.
Radio transcriptions. NBC (2).

4—Radio Address. WGN.
Attendance at reception and dinner for Sec. of State Stettinius.

5—Radio Address. WGN.
Radio Address. WGNB.
Meeting Mayor's Advisory Com. Board of Health.
Address. Chicago Branch, League of Am. Pen Women.

6—Radio Address. WGN.
Conference, Religion Editor, The Chicago Sun.
Address. Uptown Players Center

8—Address. University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa.

9—Radio Address. WGN.

10—Radio Address. WGN.

11—Cutting records United B'casting
Radio Address. WGN.
Trustees' meeting. People's Church.

12—Address. Conference of Club Presidents, Fullerton Hall, Art Institute.

Radio Address. WGN. Roosevelt Memorial.
Radio Address. WGNB.
Address. First Unitarian Church.
Radio Address. WLS. Roosevelt Memorial.

13—Radio Address. WGN.
Cutting eight records, WGN.

14—Address. Czechoslovakian Memorial Meeting for President Roosevelt.
Radio Address. WIND. Roosevelt Memorial.

15—Sunday Morning Memorial Service to President Roosevelt, Peoples Church.
Address. Elgin Country Club.

WEDDINGS

MARCH

21—Werner Norrgard and Lucille Lucas.

31—Harvey Berkowitz and Matilda Elaine Rabey.
Everett E. England and Dorothy Stanley.

APRIL

3—Charles A. Hatch and Norma Spilman.

11—John Paquin and Andra Myers.

FUNERALS

MARCH

13—Mrs. Stephanie Kratovil.

14—George Binnie.

15—Mrs. Mary Willhoft.
Mrs. Catherine Weil.

17—Lt. Robert J. Hanna.
Lena Winzenholler.

21—Anna M. Wenter.

22—Grace C. Hall.

26—Roscoe Moore.
Shirley Sexton.

27—C. W. Mabley.

28—Mrs. Anna M. Koefoed.

29—Otto B. Jindra.

30—Jack Francis.

31—Mrs. Charles Anderson (Milw.).

APRIL

3—William Trinkaus.

5—Lulu May Fischer.
Mrs. Ruth Lindstrom.

6—Mrs. Anna Kostelny.

14—Mrs. Lucille M. Cotterell.

The Following Were Publicly Welcomed Into Membership in The Peoples Church on Easter Sunday, April 1, 1945:

Miss Helen Aiken.
Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Allen.
Mrs. Frank Alt. (From Rogers Park Congregational Church.)
Mrs. Muriel Bowen.
Mr. and Mrs. Nickolas Brod.
Mrs. Marie H. Bulka.
Mrs. Mabel Carlson.
Dr. Edward W. Dahlberg.
Miss Lucille Diercks.
Miss Lena Freeman.
Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fulton.
Mr. Robert Harry Fulton. (Somewhere in the Pacific.)
Mrs. Wm. C. Garner. (From Irving Park Christian Church.)
Lt. Wm. C. Garner. (From Irving Park Christian Church.) (Somewhere in Europe.)
Mr. and Mrs. Murray L. Gibson. (From First Christian Church, Palmyra, Mo.)
Miss Margaret Glerum.
Miss Stella Hampson.

Miss Frances Haneke.
Lt. Anne E. Henning. (Somewhere in Europe.)
Miss Pauline Holden.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hornig.
Miss Elsa C. Hotz.
Mr. Edward Huelot.
Miss Juanita Joyce Jersey.
Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Johnston.
Miss Adele Kamodolski.
Mrs. Sophie Kamodolski.
Mr. and Mrs. Mike Kanzer.
Mr. Jacob Kratovil.
Mr. and Mrs. Christ Lazarre.
Miss Helen E. Lindberg.
Mrs. Ruth E. Lindstrom.
Mrs. Pauline Lugering.
Mrs. Claribel Maddox.
Miss Emily Madsen.
Mrs. Tekla Majeska.
Mrs. Edward S. Maleszewski.
Mrs. Frank J. Mason.
1st Sgt. Frank J. Mason. (Somewhere in Europe.)
Mrs. Mary E. Miller.
Mrs. Charles H. Monson.
Mr. Harry Mulder. (From Reformed Dutch Church.)
Mrs. Harry Mulder. (From 1st Bap tist Church of Evanston.)
Mr. John Thomas Murphy.
Mrs. Susanna E. Murphy.
Miss Esther L. Natter.
Mrs. Helen L. Natter.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Neingenfind.
Mrs. Florence M. Peterson.
Cpl. James E. Phillips. (Somewhe in the Pacific.)
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Pohlman.
Mrs. Bertha I. Rich.
Mr. and Mrs. Grant Rioch. (Fro Irving Park Christian Church.)
Miss Lillian Rogers.
Mrs. Florence A. Roth.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Schaefer.
Mrs. John Scherer.
Mrs. Janette Smith. (From Luthera Church of Cedarville, Mich.)
Mrs. Frieda Stratos.
Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Strawbridge.
Miss Betty Umlauf.
Mrs. E. M. Varney.
Mrs. William Warnecke.
Mr. John Warwick.
Miss Eileen Whyte.
Miss Martha Marie Withrow.
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. W. Woldt.

The Following Children Were Christened on Easter Sunday, April 1, 194

Cherrill Ann Arnold, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Arnold.
Eleanor Arlene Atwell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Atwell.
Sandra Lee Christensen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Christensen.
Lu Ellen Dunlop, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dunlop.
Carole Lynne Emerson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Emerson.
Patricia Lee John, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clark John.
Peggy Diane Kachel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Kachel.
Patricia Jean Mackie and William Spencer Mackie, daughter and son of Mr. and Mrs. George T. Mackie.
Robert Earll Plummer, son of Mr. a Mrs. Eugene Plummer.
Karen Nan Pohlman, daughter of M and Mrs. William Pohlman.
Preston Lee Samuel, son of Mr. a Mrs. Lee Samuel.
Susan Kathleen Stapelfeldt, daugh of Mr. and Mrs. Max Stapelfeldt
James Richard Stull, son of Mr. a Mrs. Carl Stull.
Mannee Jean Van Duser, daughter Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Van Duse
Allan Lee Wiederer, son of Mr. Mrs. Aloysius Wiederer.
Miss Esta Young (Adult).
Miss Lois Young (Adult).

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

WE can think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twenty-first year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

Subscription Coupon

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941 Lawrence Avenue,
Chicago 40, Illinois

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THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

Center of Allied Arts

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director

1219 N. LaSalle St. **Whitehall 5257**

* * *

May Production

"MURDER IN A NUNNERY"

Dramatized by Emmet Lavery from the novel by Eric Shepherd. A very thrilling mystery play which has run on the west coast for about a year.

OPENING NIGHT, MAY 4TH
and every Friday and Saturday night in May

* * *

May Drama Tea

J. Bradley-Griffin, in a recital version of
"COME OF AGE"
with Lulu Jones Downing at the Piano. Guest artist—Louise Grosser, Coloratura Soprano with the Civic Opera.

SUNDAY, MAY 6TH, AT 4:00 O'CLOCK

* * *

Special Sunday Matinee

"MURDER IN A NUNNERY"

SUNDAY, MAY 20TH, AT 3:00 O'CLOCK

* * *

Auditions—Sunday, May 13th, at 4:00 o'clock

Honor Roll

Arthur J. Williams
Harold E. Hansen
John L. Freitag
George Freitag
Cpl. Howard Wentz
Lt. Kurt Proud
Kurt Meyer
*Lt. George Formanek, Jr.
Lloyd Blue, Jr.
Howard Carlseen
Clinton R. Sipe
Dr. Henry C. Johannes
Edward W. Nonnenbruch
Wm. Robert DeWees
Harold Ingersoll
*H. John Tinling
Yale W. Rowley
Cpl. Wendell Estal
Winslow Heg
Maj. Herbert Bluhm
Ben C. Bluhm
Douglas L. Palo
Maj. James H. Meyer
Robert H. Meyer
Lester G. Riley
Sgt. William F. Hobbs
Duane R. Terry
Frank G. Christ
Richard P. Strand
Norman P. Anderson
Arthur E. Toepfer
Robert Murphy
Robert Olson
Frans Eronson
Forrest A. Oldenburg
James Code
Henry Willeumier
Robert John Wendland
Sgt. William V. Myers
*Alfred Taylor
Robert E. Gill
George John Smith
Hans Kramer
Howard C. Nelson
Howard Berhalter
Charles Boaz
William Schroeder
Charles Walska
Sgt. James Schneller
Jacob Estes Replogle
Harry S. Gray
William Berglund
George E. Kruskopf
William J. Wenger
Walter Moran
Jay Merrick
Cpl. Charles Fuss
Robert Plumley
*Charles C. Crane
Robert Baumann
E. Kokoefer
Donald J. Norris
Robert L. Hangel
Elwood E. Kiltz
Mary Louise Sweet
Leslie J. Walker
Capt. Carroll D. York
Robert Hannum
J. C. LaPointe
Arthur J. Kredler, Jr.

*Killed in action.

Robert K. Schnorr
Rudolph E. Salamon
LeRoy Adams
Franklyn Adams
L. C. Rowley
Robert J. Hansen
Clyde F. Bower
Edward P. Brosious
Donald W. Brosious
Tom Henderson
J. Bryant Shoberg
Daniel Arthur Needham
Arthur Quesnall
David Ettelson
George Felch
*Virgil Drew Widener
G. Andrey
William Henderson
William H. Parlette
Capt. Andrew Haban
John H. Hagen
Lawrence Johnson
Cpl. James Kosner
William James Walters
Wayne P. Blue
Martin Sauser
William Sauser
Florence M. Moore
Edward Paschal
Robert Weeger
Ruth Leffler
Harry G. Nelson
George G. Eddy, Jr.
Tommy Bartlett
William James Walters
Elmer M. Wiederer
Marie Tilles
Robert H. Wiggins
Lt. Robert L. Eldred
Charles Paige
Harry DuMont
Sgt. Clee S. Post
Lt. Fred H. Kreutzer
Tom Lee Woods
Stf. Sgt. Geo. F. Arms
Raymond Mostek
Robert E. Poquette
*Walter Scott Sexton
Sgt. Roy O. Lawson
Gerhard Wegner
Andrew C. Wilson
Bruce W. Vespermann
Carl W. Voigtritter
Philip R. Strand
Capt. Donald Yous
Richard Miller
Sgt. James W. Buchanan
Jean Thompson
2nd Lt. Pauline M. Plummer, R. N.
Marvin I. Edelhart
Frank M. Shurman
Betty Best Hurley
Robert Wood, Jr.
Thomas Wood, Jr.
John Hendrich
Rudolph Lichtenebert
Charles Wesche, Jr.
Orville Wesche
Winifred Klippel
Jim Phillips

Sgt. William R. Hurley
Robert C. Stippe
June Blair Lauletta
Fred H. Goetz, Jr.
Stanley Kredler
R. B. Byron
Henry Pfaff, Jr.
James R. Victorin
Daniel Jack Woods
Sidney Weinberg
Mark Alan Miles
Cpl. Harold W. Hoots
Carl Leonard Fishman
June Fuss
Betty Philbrick
E. J. Wilkins
Leslie Merrill
Earl Palmer
James M. Woods, Jr.
Betty Droth
Harold Anderson
W. Ross Williamson
Noel Dudley Gregg
Robert D. Gregg
*Robert Osterberg
Lt. Carlton H. Marsh
Kenneth R. Ball
Lt. Marjorie Schulten
Calvin C. Kemper
Mary Alice Yarrington
Philip Langley
Gordon Robert Burkhard
Gordon R. Dahlstrom
Marvyn F. Harbert
Anton Novotny
Richard B. Miller
John M. Miller
Clarence W. Palo
Alfred C. Palo
Richard Arthur Arnopol
Robert Dwinell
James H. Roof
*Frank Anderson
William R. Gau
Harold R. Miller
Vincent William Larsen
Sarah Parks McCord
W. A. Molzahn
Sgt. Robert Harling
Arthur Schumacher
Mary Willeumier
Arthur Bluhm
Ens. Robert W. Scholler
Lt. Mario Cappelli, Jr.
James E. Phillips
Lt. John T. Etter, Jr.
Ens. Robert George Allen
Corp. Huber C. Lantz
Capt. Donald G. Faulkner
Theodore Gaillard Thomas
Foster Wagner
Rosalie M. Carlton
William A. Lehnert
Donald Seth Smith
Howard H. Kastner
Leo A. Perfumo
James T. Cuzort
Cpl. Don Maddox
Frank J. Mason
George J. Fortuin
Robert Harry Fulton
George A. White
Eileen Johansonn

PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD).....11:00 a.m.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (Re-opens First Sunday in November) 7:30 p.m.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—Anderson Hall... 9:30 a.m.

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES (Re-opens First Wednesday in November)..... 8:00 p.m.

CHOIR REHEARSALS—Every Thursday Evening Church Auditorium 7:30 p.m.

RED CROSS UNIT—Every Thursday in Anderson Hall....9:30 a.m.—4:00 p.m.

WOMAN'S CLUB—Monday, May 7th, Edgewater Beach Hotel.....12:30 p.m.
Spring Luncheon—Speaker, Dr. Preston Bradley
Miniature Operetta in Story and Song by Olive O'Neil

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB
Sunday, May 6th, Church Auditorium..... 5:00 p.m.
Svithiod Singing Club—Annual Spring Concert
Knute Hansen, Director. Also Conrad String Ensemble, currently playing at the Palmer House

Wednesday, May 9th, Hotel Admiral..... 6:30 p.m.
Annual Spring Dinner. Guest artists, Esther Nelson Hart, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Bassler, Elsie Alexander and Victory Ensemble in "Opera—Yesterday—Today—and Tomorrow"

MEN'S CLUB—Fourth Monday of each month, Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

Programs to be announced. J. A. Ericksen, Sec., 2223 W. Eastwood Avenue

USHERS' CLUB—Second Monday of every month, Anderson Hall... 8:00 p.m.
Sec., Wm. Emrich, Ard. 4462

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director; Mary Clarke, Sec.-Treas. The Uptown Players Center, 1219 N. LaSalle St., Whitehall 5257. (See Special Schedule, page 22 of this issue.)

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